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the day, to which he fell a sacrifice, are forgotten, we are induced to add the estimate of his worth, from the pen of his friend George Dyer, in the following appropriate lines, extracted from his poem, dedicated to the memory of Gilbert Wakefield.

" Oh ! well do I remember years ago,
That I did wander, though long trained to thought,
Still too, too thoughtless, near thy stream
oh Cam !
There first I saw the friend that now I mourn,
For near thy stream, he too, was wont to crop
The flowers of learning—I remember well,
Beneath his garb, the trappings of the schools ;
I saw a form erect and slender, like
Tone early form'd to manliness of thought,
And rigid duties ; o'er his visage pale,
Fair Science beam'd, and quick around his eye,
A critic archness play'd that would have seem'd
On sternness bent, and querulousness, but that
A gentleness was there, that still appear'd
To check some frowardness, which while it oft
Obtruded its dislikes, yet did not seem
From the pure fountain of his heart to rise.
His gait was steady, firm ; for much he seem'd,
As he but walk'd, to gather in his mind,
Thoughts that had stray'd, or to digest with care,
The feastings of his soul in bookish hours.
I knew him not—at least, I did not know
The friend—I only knew of worth and wit,
The zeal of industry, the love of fame,
Of virtue, science, and they call'd them
Wakefield.
This was his spring of life when hopes were gay,
And wishes blooming, not of honours high,

Or in the world or in the church's mart,
But to secure the crown of well earned praise,
Of genius and of learning :—and he did
Obtain the well-earn'd wreath, which well was worn
Through life, and with advancing years still grew.
But in the summer of his life I knew him,
And call'd him friend, for in our hearts did dwell,
Some kindred likings and some kindred scorns ;
The tyrant's state, the pontiff's pomp and pride,
The hireling's meanness, the debasing tricks
Of avarice, the sycophantic airs
Of dangles after wealth ; ah ! subjects fit
Of generous scorn. He had no prison-house ;
Worth, freedom, wisdom, still can walk at large,
Tho' bolts and bars, and walls of adamant
May intervene, the sun's æthereal beam,
The lightest breeze, the voice of wife of child,
And friend, and chiefest, conscience, light within,
Cheer the brave man retir'd, while mind upsoars
Thro' worlds, on worlds, beyond the reach of fear.
But I have wander'd, let me then recount
The sum of life, and profit by the amount :
A little learning, and a little weakness,
A little pleasure, and enough of pain,
A little freedom with its tale of slavery,
Passions and reasons struggle where, tho' oft
Reason claims empire, passion governs still ;
Believing much, yet doubting not a little ;
Till sickness comes, and with it gloom of thought—
When man quite wearied with a world perhaps,
Not moving to his mind, a foolish world,
Seeks inward stillness, and lies quiet down."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE YOUNG
LADY.

O MY rack'd heart ! since Erin green,
From chaos rose at nature's call,

What other son of Care has seen,
So many of his fav'rites fall ?
If wrongs and cares had power to gail
This heart so sorely, when consol'd ;
How can I live bereft of all
My firmest friends, in clay now cold ?

And ANNA's fall'n, the sweetest friend,
That ever heart with anguish fill'd ;
When village nymphs shall her transcend,

Perfection's self the plain shall gild ;
Meek Morn's effulgence, when she smil'd,
Secur'd rising on the raptur'd sight ;
And when she spoke, the wood-notes wild,
Of red-breast sweet, gave less delight.

High-minded Pride, tho' once in heav'n,
In her pure breast, no place could share,
Nor could her temper's tenor ev'n
Be ruffled by perturbing Care,
Forbearance taught her soul to share
Vain Folly's faults, that mov'd her sigh ;
And Pity bade her tend the pray'r
Of Indigence, with tear-wet eye.

Rude Winter, Nature's sweets shall scorn,
And grove and glen of joy bereave ;
But who, so kind on snowy morn,
From treacherous snares shall birds relieve ?

Blest Spring shall bloom, but who will weave

Her bow'r anew ? for low she lies,
Who busied there, seem'd spotless Eve,
Adorning blissful paradise.

Now cold her hand, by Nature grac'd,
That plied its task of tasteful art,
And clos'd her eye that softly gaz'd
On him she lov'd, Affection's heart ;
Ah ! love-lorn swain, if others smart
So deeply, what transpiercing pain,
Her image hourly must impart,

" Whose like thou ne'er shalt see again ?"

But, suffer friends who mutely blend,
The griefs that language can't relate,
The excellence your minds commend,
Ye should attempt to imitate ;
And ANNA was resigned to fate,
And patient when acutely pain'd,
For Faith and Hope could antedate,
The joys of Heav'n, by goodness gain'd.
Then let 'em heav'n-ward raise each eye,
That on her bier these showers have stream'd

While angels hail, in yonder sky
Her shade, who here their sister seem'd ;
And now each virtue we esteem'd,
And charm we lov'd made more divine,
She sings the song of the redeem'd,
And basks in bliss while we repine.

Ballycarry.

J.O.

ELEGY.

WHEN humble merit meets the stroke
Of fate,

No bard is found to celebrate his fame,
All praise is lavished on the rich and great,

Whilst in oblivion sinks the poor man's name.

Not so the tribute of my humble lays,
Shall e'er be spent upon the great
man's tomb,

My muse shall speak an honest neighbour's
praise,

Who lately fell beneath the general
doom.

As truly useful in his sphere of life,
The mean mechanic, as the wealthy
peer,

The loss as deeply felt by friends or wife,
Who o'er his coffin pour the streaming
tear.

The man I mourn could boast no noble
name,

His birth was low, uncultivate his mind,
Yet his heart glowed with virtue's genuine
flame,

His soul was noble, generous, and kind.

In every art mechanical, well skilled,
His ready hand a willing aid would
lend,

The various offices of life he filled,
A worthy father, brother, husband
friend.

Light be the turf upon his honest breast,
And sacred be the sod which shrouds
his clay,

Let no rude hand his humble grave molest,
Till the last trump shall wake to endless
day. L.

ON MISS EDGEWORTH'S BELINDA.

FROM this good tale we learn not to ap-
prove,

Those who dogs, pictures, or goldfinches
love ;

But men, or goldfish misses may a-
dore,

Only two men at once—not any more ;

If one does wrong, may send him to the
devil,

When first they're sure another will be
civil ;

Of their affairs, Reason may rule the
rest,

In love alone what is prefer'd is best ;

Those only too have sense, who went to
school,

And every child of nature is a fool.

NEM—

SELECT POETRY.

GLENCOE MASSACRE.

LOUD o'er the hill the tempest roars,

Loud o'er the steep the torrent pours,

Adown the snowy dale ;

Yet louder far was heard below,

The lamentable voice of woe,

In Glencoe's gloomy vale !